Locked In A Closet by Browneyesparker

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Summary:

Thanks to Dustin, Mike and Eleven get locked in a closet while they're decorating for the Snow Ball dance. Post-the Upside down. Mileven if you squint. Light Spoilers.

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“Mike? Mike are you there?” Eleven asked softly.

Mike found her hand and squeezed it gently. “Yeah, I’m still here El,” he assured her.

He heard El sigh in relief. “Good.”

I’m going to kill *Dustin for getting us into this mess!* Mike mused to himself.

Ever since El had reappeared, she had been even more frightened and withdrawn than before. Getting locked in a dark closet couldn’t be good for her mentally. And Mike wasn’t too fond of closed in spaces himself.

But Dustin just had to have fake snow because it was a *snowball* dance. Never mind the fact that he hadn’t been 100 % sure the closet in the science room had any of the supplies he needed for said snow. Never mind the fact that he hadn’t gotten any of their teacher’s permission to use school property, forget about making unauthorized decorations.

Of course, he was sort of at fault too. He had gone along with Dustin’s scheme after all instead of staying in the gym and cutting out paper snowflakes with Will. El had gone with him because when they were together, they were usually joined at the hip.

Lucas had just wanted to do something more exciting than set up for a lame dance. For him using the science equipment was as exciting as it got when it came to school activities.

Eleven fidgeted beside him and Mike could feel her anxiety mounting.

“Dustin and Lucas should be back soon,” Mike said. “They just had to find Mr. Clarke first because he has the key to the closet.”

“Mr. Clarke already left for the day, Mike. He wasn’t on the decorating committee,” Eleven answered. “Remember? He’s

chaperoning the dance."

"Damn it!" Mike muttered. "You're right. Are you going to be okay? I can tell you're nervous."

"I'm trying not to think about it," Eleven replied.

"Breathe through your nose and out your mouth. It should help you relax a little bit. Whenever I'm feeling like I'm going to throw up, mom has me do that and it helps a little bit."

"But Mike, I don't feel like I'm going to throw up," Eleven said, there was a little hint of humor in her voice.

"Friends don't lie," Mike reminded her.

"I'm not lying. I don't like being in the closet but I don't feel like I'm going to throw up either."

"You're moving around a lot," Mike pointed out.

"I don't have that much room," Eleven answered. "There's something pushing into my back."

"It's probably an old microscope or something," Mike told her. "I think that the school is trying to find a way to recycle everything."

"Mmmmh," Eleven hummed, moving her leg back and forth.

Mike sighed. "I'm surprised none of the parents have noticed we're missing yet. We've been gone forever."

"It hasn't been *that* long," Eleven replied. "Mike, are you just a little bit nervous too?"

"Who *me*? Nervous?" Mike scoffed. "Hardly—!"

"It's okay to be afraid," Eleven told him.

"I'm supposed to protect you," Mike said.

"Friends protect *each other*," Eleven informed him, pressing a gentle kiss on his cheek.

Mike smiled at her weakly even though she probably couldn't see him no matter how adjusted their eyes got to the dark.

"Maybe we should do something to distract ourselves until Dustin and Lucas get back with the key" Mike suggested.

"I dunno. Like I Spy or something."

"Mike, it's too dark to play I Spy," Eleven said. "And even if it wasn't, I don't think we'd be able to see colors in the dark."

"We're coming Mike and El!" Dustin shouted before Mike could suggest another game.

"Good!" Mike shouted back. "Hurry up!"

"We're going as fast as we can!" Dustin answered, sounding a little breathless from running a long distance.

"Are you guys alright?" Lucas asked when they pulled the door open.

"We're fine," Mike replied, smiling at Eleven as he slung his arm around her. "Right El?"

Eleven nodded. "We're just fine," she assured them.

"I *told* you!" Lucas said, slugging Dustin in the arm. "They're always fine when they're together! We didn't need to rush—"

"No!" Mike interjected while Eleven shook her head. "We're *really* glad you hurried!"

The End

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Author's Note:

> This is just me testing the Stranger Things waters. If you liked this please tell me what you thought, I plan to write some more Mike/Eleven/Stranger Things stories over the course of the year. I hope we can all

become friends.
This is for my male cousin who wanted them to get locked in a closet but didn't want them to get too deep with each other.

I can always write the other version if there's interest. Just let me know!

Until Next Time!